

west, and from the north and from the south, from the land and from the sea, to sit down in the kingdom of God with Abraham, with Isaac, with Jacob, and all the holy prophets and people?

But Oh, my brother and my sister what if our loved ones should all be there and we ourselves thrust out. We certainly could not afford that, but on the other hand if God will be so merciful to us to help us to be able to stand when he appeareth, then what greetings, what hand shakings, what songs of redemption and praise will go forth from our hearts and lips, Will eternity be too long for us? No, indeed.

Yes, *some day* we will be permitted to behold the face of Jesus and the place he has gone to prepare for us now, and when he gets that finished he will come again. So that where he is his faithful servants may be also, not only for a season but we shall forever be permitted to be with the Lord. Oh, who would not work mightily for such a reward; but of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no neither the angels, neither the Son, but the Father. But this we do know that every day brings us nearer to that great event. Let us therefore be ready for in such an hour as we think not the son of man will come. Let us live every day as though this day is the last, and balance accounts with the Lord every night, so that whether we wake or sleep he may find us ready.

Cornell, Ill.

## Home Circle.

### A MILLIONAIRE'S GIFT.

There are two sides to the nature of every man, and it is pleasant to repeat the incident related by the New York *Advertiser* of the late Jay Gould, says *The Golden Rule*. The story has it that Mr. Gould and another railroad magnate were delayed for a few hours in a small Western town. They started to occupy the hours by making a tour of their surroundings.

They had not gone far before they heard the mournful clang of an auctioneer's bell, and came upon the crowd of curious people surrounding the seller. The auctioneer was crying, "Fifteen hundred dollars! Fifteen hundred dollars! Am I offered more?" when Mr. Gould touched a tall Texan on the arm and asked him what the sale was for.

"Pard," said the ranger, "this be a knockout for the parson."

"In what way?" asked Mr. Gould.

"You see, pard, the parson built this church; but the tin petered out, and now the wood-butcher is selling the whole crowd out for his coin."

Mr. Gould stepped up to the auctioneer, and asked for the contractor who was closing out his lien. The auctioneer pointed out the man, and Gould approached him and asked the amount of his claim.

"Seventeen hundred dollars and costs," said he.

"What will you take in settlement?" asked Dr. Gould.

"I'll settle for fifteen hundred dollars and donate the balance," said the contractor.

Mr. Gould taking from his pocket several bills of large denomination, gave them to the contractor and took his receipt in full, with the canceled lien. Just then an old man, who had been an eye-witness of the transaction, going up to Mr. Gould, said, "Stranger, what are you going to do with the claim you've just bought?"

Mr. Gould looked the man over in that calm way he had, and asked why he wanted to know.

"Why," said he, "I am the steward of this church. All of the members and Sabbath-school scholars are in the church, with the presiding elder and pastor, on their knees, praying God to come to our help and save the church."

Mr. Gould said nothing, but, taking the receipted bill and canceled lien that he had in his hand, he gave them to the steward, and, turning toward the depot, walked rapidly back to his train.

The steward entered the church, now free, and told the people what the Lord had done, and they sang the doxology on their knees. Then they went out on the streets to find the stranger. They soon found out that the little man was none other than Jay Gould. His train had gone, and only a cloud of dust on the far away prairie indicated where their benefactor was.

Mr. Gould has said that the letter he afterward received from that congregation, signed by every one in it, gave him more pleasure than clearing a million dollars.

### SHE WANTED TO HELP.

It was the tiny daughter of a clergyman of this city who was recently asked to accompany her mother on a walk.

"No," was her positively spoken answer, "I can't go."

"Why not?"

"I have to help papa."

"In what way?"

"He told me to sit here in this corner and keep quiet while he wrote his sermon, and I don't believe he is half through yet."—*Washington Star*.

EVERY bad man in a town strengthens the devil's mortgage on the city.

### TWO COATS.

Two little girls inside the gate, and two outside. Very nearly of the same size, too; that is, one of the little girls outside was just a bit shorter than the taller of the two inside the fence, and as for the other two, they would have had to measure, back to back, to be sure of any difference. And as for the rest, there were two pairs of blue eyes and two of brown; one tongue on either side that could hardly get around all the words, and two that had no trouble unless the words were very hard.

But here, so far as you could tell by watching them, the likeness ended. The little ones in the yard—which was a new and delightful playground to them—were rosy and comfortable. They wore warm, dainty flannel gowns with trim jackets buttoned over them, stout little boots, and broad-brimmed sailor hats. While the other two, peeping through the pickets, wore gingham dresses, faded and many times patched. One had on a sack she had long ago outgrown, and the other had a thin little shawl pinned over her shoulders, and there were holes in both pairs of shoes.

But they were getting to be friends very fast, these four. Oh, yes! It takes more than a gate and a little difference in the clothes one wears to hinder that!—*Olive E. Dana*.

### BE CAREFUL.

The world is ever full of human lives whose eternal destiny seems to depend upon whether they meet cloud or sunshine, encouragement or discouragement, hope or despair in the faces that look into theirs. Guides sometimes warn tourists among the Swiss mountains not to speak as they pass certain points. Even the reverberation of a whisper in the air may start a poised avalanche from its place in the crags. There are times in the story of many human lives when they are so delicately poised that it depends on how the first person they meet greets them whether they sink into the darkness of despair or lift up their heads to find hope. We never know when a passing mood of ours may decide a soul's destiny. We dare not, then, for a moment, or in one case, be a discourager of another soul.—*J. R. Miller. D. D.*

It is good for us to think that no grace or blessing is truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us.—*Christian Leader*.

BEWARE of falling into the per ormance of any religious duty simply to well spoken of by men.